

CHARIVARIA.

"I ONLY want to tax unearned increment," said Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE in the course of the Budget debate; "but the simple way is to exclude anything in the nature of improvements." This would seem to be Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE'S attitude to the entire Budget.

The British Association of Teachers of Dancing has been concerning itself with the question of how to put a stop to romping and kitchenish behaviour at dances. An attempt is to be made to popularise "The Athenæum Waltz"—as performed, we take it, by the less frivolous of the members of the stately Club of that name.

A certain Reformer must be getting alarmed at the results of his anti-face-hair propaganda. Some of his disciples are becoming *plus royalistes que le roi*. A communication received by the Congo Reform Association mentions the case of a native who was compelled to swallow his beard after it had been cut off, chopped up, and mixed with leaves.

While two bicyclists were looping-the-loop at Orleans the other day, over a cage in which there were half-a-dozen lions, one of the performers broke his handle-bar and fell into the cage. The lions, however, did not touch him. The king of beasts is nothing if not dignified, and he will not take his food if it is thrown at him like that.

We are sorry to hear that Consul and Peter, the two talented monkeys and foot-light favourites, have been sulking because they were not invited as guests of honour to the DARWIN celebrations.

"Little PEPITO ARRIOLA, the marvellous child pianist, will receive in America," we read, "1,000 dols. for each recital he gives." The printer seems to have left out an *l*.

A motor omnibus caused some little excitement last week in New Oxford Street by entering a tobacconist's shop. The fondness of some of these vehicles for smoking is an undoubted evil.

As a rule when two vessels collide at

sea there is a dispute as to which is to blame, but the Dungeness accident was plainly the fault of *Sappho*.

A Post Office customer, in a letter on the subject of the writing materials supplied for public use, complains that "the blotting-paper will not blot." Our experience is that this is just what it does.

It is not only in America that one

sheep grafted in its place. The man is doing well, and is wondering whether he will now be accused of cannibalism when he has lamb for luncheon.

As there have been several instances recently of cars falling into rivers and sinking, the "Thames Motor Carriages" which we see advertised should supply a want.

An enlarged Clement airship—No. 2

—is now being constructed, and a suggestion (which, we imagine, emanates from an admirer of *The Sphere*) reaches us to the effect that No. 1 and No. 2 should be known in future respectively as "Clement Shorter" and "Clement Longer."

Surprise has been expressed by many persons that so much as £13,125 should have been given for TURNER'S *Burning of the Houses of Parliament*, but a Liberal friend of ours is of the opinion that the destruction of the Upper Chamber alone would have been worth that sum.

It is exceptional to find a tobacconist who supports Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE'S Finance Bill. We therefore derive a rare pleasure from the following announcement of a cigar firm:—

"IMPORTED HAVANAS
(1905 Crop)
OFFERED AT PRO-BUDGET PRICES."

A Conservative correspondent has discovered in a French Encyclopedia a short outline of what he takes to be the career of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE (under the *nom de guerre* CHARLES ALEXANDRE DE CALONNE.) It runs as follows: "Contrôleur-général et l'un

des hommes d'état les plus célèbres de l'ancienne monarchie dont il accéléra la chute pas ses opérations financières. Il n'avait aucun plan. . . ."

The Stronger Sex.

The Sunday Chronicle, in an account of a fencing match between teams of ladies from Manchester and Liverpool, says:

"The Manchester ladies won five bouts out of four."

It is very doubtful whether a team composed of mere men could have done as well as this.



SIR "TOBY, M.P." APPEARETH IN YE (BIRTHDAYE) LISTES.

finds capable journalists. A French newspaper informs us that, during a recent storm at Clermont, a man was caught in the rush of the wind and blown six miles out of his way, and only then was able to stop by using his face, on which he fell, as a brake.

The difficulty of finding an apt title for a play is well known. For example, *What the Public Wants* has just been withdrawn after a short run.

In a Chicago hospital a patient whose shin-bone had been shattered has had a portion of bone from the leg of a young

THE QUARREL.

Mr. Charles Hapgood to Mr. Travis Pullman.

DEAR OLD MAN,—You have always been such a brick, I wish you'd do me another favour. I wish you'd lend me your aeroplane for the next week-end. I am going to Dartmoor, where practice should be easy, and I feel sure that I understand the whole business. Then later I might have a shot at the Cross-Channel prize. Yours as ever,

C. H.

Mr. Charles Hapgood to Sir Henry Ferney, M.P.

DEAR SIR HENRY,—I am taking an aeroplane down to Dartmoor on Friday, and shall be delighted to show it to you and to Miss Ferney, to whom please give my kind regards.

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES HAPGOOD.

Sir Henry Ferney, M.P., to Mr. Charles Hapgood.

DEAR HAPGOOD,—We are delighted to think that we shall soon see an aeroplane at close quarters. You will, of course, secure an accomplished aviator. Evelyn declares her intention of going up; but I doubt if I should allow that. You will, of course, stay with us. We shall take no denial. Yours sincerely,

HENRY FERNEY.

Miss Ferney to various friends and neighbours.

DEAR —,—It will give my father and myself great pleasure if you will come to Tor Castle to lunch on Saturday to witness an aviation display under the control of my friend, Mr. Charles Hapgood. Yours sincerely,

EVELYN FERNEY.

Mr. Travis Pullman to Mr. Charles Hapgood.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—You seem to have gone clean off your head—unless, of course, your letter is an elaborate joke. How on earth do you think I'm going to lend you my aeroplane? I've only just got it, and haven't mastered it myself yet. How could you manage it when you've never been in one in your life? Besides, there are certain things a man doesn't lend. Aeroplanes come nearly first. Yours always

TRAVIS.

Mr. Charles Hapgood to Mr. Travis Pullman.

MY DEAR TRAVIS,—Your letter was a great surprise to me, and a great shock too. I always looked on you as a generous man. This Channel prize

would just have put me right, and now I don't know where to look for the money. As for not having any experience, I've read all about WILBER WRIGHT, and I've seen him on the bi-scope, and I'm a first-class driver of a car, as you know. Half-an-hour's examination of the engines on the ground would be all I should want. Why, you've often said what a genius for mechanics I have. In any case one must begin some time, and that's where an old friend should come in. If anything goes wrong with the thing I'll buy you another, if you don't mind waiting for the money. A pal couldn't say more than that.

Yours, C. H.

With kind regards to Miss Ferney, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES HAPGOOD.

Sir Henry Ferney, M.P., to Mr. Charles Hapgood.

(Telegram.)

Sorry this week-end impossible.

FERNEY.

Miss Hapgood to Mr. Travis Pullman.

MY DEAR MR. PULLMAN,—I don't know what it is that Charlie wants from you, but if you could possibly see your way to lend it I should be so happy. The poor boy is a wreck of disappointment, and it affects all of us. He says you are the only man who can do him this little favour, whatever it is. Please do it.

Yours sincerely,

IRENE HAPGOOD.

A Fellow-Clubman to Mr. Travis Pullman.

DEAR PULLMAN,—I thought you might like to know that at the Club to-day Hapgood was abusing you like a pickpocket. He says that you, one of his oldest friends, refused to do some simple thing for him—lend him a fiver or something. As the friend of both this is rather painful to me, and I should like a word from you to enable me to meet him squarely next time he talks like this. Yours, X.

Old Ireland for Ever.

"As long as he was rector of St Augustine's he would do his best to put a stop to anything of that kind (hear, hear), not because it existed, but because it never should arise in that parish (hear, hear)."—*Report of Father Rath's remarks ("Liverpool Echo.")*



Lady. "BUT POVERTY IS NO EXCUSE FOR BEING DIRTY! DO YOU NEVER WASH YOUR FACE?"

Tramp (with an injured air). "PARDON ME, LADY, BUT I'VE ADOPTED THIS 'ERE DRY-CLEANIN' PROCESS AS BEIN' MORE 'EALTHY AND 'I-GENIC'."

DEAR HAPGOOD,—It's quite out of the question. I refuse to lend it. Why, it would be only one remove from murder.

Yours, T. P.

DEAR PULLMAN,—Your astonishing letter puts the lid on it. That's the end. I did think I had one pal I could trust; but now I know better. You may trust me never to ask you for anything else, or anyone else either.

Yours faithfully, C. H.

Mr. Charles Hapgood to Sir Henry Ferney, M.P.

DEAR SIR HENRY,—I am sorry to have to say that I shall be unable to come after all. There is a hitch with the aeroplane, and it will be impossible to bring it. I shall however come alone.

The Two "Sapphos."

"When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of" Dover.

There's nothing like leather still.

"Under these circumstances, Commander Christian gave orders for the men to lower the boots."—*Leeds Mercury.*

No shoemaker will be surprised to hear that not a soul was lost.

Chivalry.

"Robin a 14-2 Bay . . . perfect manners . . . safe with a lady and children and all road nuisances."—*Morning Post.*

A little Hermaphrodite?

"Birth.

On June 13, to Rev. and Mrs. —, a son (née Mabel Lees)."—*Wolverhampton Express and Star.*



"AT HOME" TO THE FLEET.

FATHER THAMES. "PITY I HAVEN'T GOT MY OLD FLOTILLA OF PADDLE-BOATS IN COMMISSION. I SHOULD HAVE LIKED TO SHOW MY GUESTS WHAT I COULD DO."

MORE BUDGET GRUMBLES.

SIR,—May I ask all your readers to join me in a non-political league against the Budget? I am not a politician myself. I have not the least animus against the present Government. It would pain me if they were to be turned out of office. My object is simply to secure the alteration of financial proposals which I believe to be detrimental to the public interest. Let me ask all your readers of all parties to support this non-political movement, and to send their names and addresses to

Yours impartially,

WALTER LONG.

P.S.—I have already been surprised and gratified to secure the adhesion of Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

SIR,—I recently inherited from a relative a small legacy—amounting approximately to the sum of one million sterling. As I frequently receive requests for subscriptions from charitable societies, I wish to state that I have had to pay in death duties the sum of £100,000. This is the income for three years of a million invested at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per centum. Therefore you will see that for three years I am absolutely without any income whatever and shall be unable to subscribe a farthing even to the most deserving charity. It wounds me deeply that the rapacity of a Chancellor should check the stream of benevolence.

Yours practically

A PAUPER.

P.S.—I am taking legal opinion as to whether, considering the fact that I possess no income, I am not eligible (during the next three years) for an old-age pension.

SIR,—From my landed estates I derive a gross income of £80,000. Of this no less than £40,000 is paid away in income tax, local rates, insurance against death duties, repairs, allowances, subscriptions and other charges. Thus I already lose half of my income, and am left the miserable pittance of £40,000 a year. Were it not for certain investments apart from land I could not make both ends meet. And now a super-tax of 6d. in the £ is to be levied on my income. This means that I must economise. I shall therefore discharge one plumber, one mason, one bricklayer and one carpenter from my estate staff. Perhaps this will teach the democracy that it is dangerous to lay hands on capital.

Yours truly,

SIRUGGLER.

SIR,—I happen to be a millionaire—a bare millionaire—that is, the value of my landed property just exceeds a million. Now, apparently, this Budget

merely takes away one-tenth of the property in case of my death. But I intend to prove that circumstances may arise under which the Government may confiscate not a mere tenth but two-thirds of my property.

Let me suppose that I am walking on the seashore in company with my ten sons. There is nothing improbable in that. We are cut off by the tide and take refuge on a rock. A breaker sweeps me away, to the infinite regret of my offspring and the fiendish delight of the Chancellor, who rakes in a cool hundred thousand. The next breaker carries off my eldest son, and with him £90,000. The others follow in order. By the time the lifeboat rescues my youngest son the estate has been reduced to £350,000—roughly two-thirds of its value confiscated.

I ask you, shall such things be? I say never. To show my determination I am sending a subscription of 10s. 6d. to the Budget Protest League, and I ask all millionaires to follow my example.

Yours truly,

AN ANXIOUS PLUTOCRAT.

SIR,—My landed property consists of one cliff and its adjacent foreshore on the Eastern coast. At present its rental value as a goat pasture is 7s. 6d. per annum. But I can see possibilities for its development. I am working strenuously for and giving largely to the Tariff Reform League. When Tariff Reform comes the ample cave accommodation for smugglers in my cliff will let readily at fabulous prices. Am I to be taxed on this wealth which I am labouring to create?

If so I shall refuse the use of my caves to smugglers and hold out for higher prices still. Reluctantly I should be compelled to offer my cliff and foreshore to foreign Governments as a highly eligible invasion site.

Yours truly,

PATRIOT.

SIR,—I own a few acres of agricultural land of poor quality, which till this year let at ten shillings an acre. However it has this advantage—it borders the private golf course of a Cabinet Minister. Consequently I have let it at twenty pounds an acre to the Women's Social and Political Union. Deputations daily throw bottles, fly kites, and shout through megaphones over the dividing wall. Is it fair that I should be taxed on the betterment of my property? If so, is it not also just that I should receive compensation for worsement when the members of the Social and Political Union get married, or get the vote—or, what is even more probable, when the Cabinet Minister goes out of office.

Yours truly,

AN ARDENT GOVERNMENT SUPPORTER.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE ROADS.

(By Our Motoring Expert.)

BATH ROAD.—During the re-tarring operations yesterday a child named Albert Burdekin, aged 4 years, fell on a patch of still warm tar and became so firmly imbedded in it that it took several navvies to extricate the little sufferer, whose clothes were completely destroyed. Sir Leon Guggenheimer, however, who was passing by at the time, kindly proffered an old fur coat, in which young Burdekin was removed to the Hounslow Cottage Hospital.

BARNES AND DISTRICT.—Tarring operations are in full swing on the Barnes—Richmond road. Special accommodation is now provided for tar babies at the Nurseries, Upper Richmond Road.

BRIGHTON ROAD.—Every Sunday this popular highway grows more and more reminiscent of the Red Sea during the Ex. dis. On Monday the 21st a remarkable experience was enjoyed by a well-known motorist in the neighbourhood of Handcross. Having been obliged to stop in order to execute some trifling repairs, this gentleman became nearly faint owing to the strong scent of clover from an adjacent field.

COVENTRY ROAD.—Tarring operations concluded on Saturday between St. Albans and Markyate. The surface is now being treated with lavender-water at the expense of the firm of Schmöller.

EASTBOURNE ROAD.—The neighbourhood of Frant is still convulsed by the witticism of a well-known motoring nobleman who observed that the process of re-tarring the road was apt to retard his progress.

GREAT NORTH ROAD.—On Friday last an obelisk was unveiled about four miles from Welwyn to commemorate the escape last year of Lord George Bostock, who had the misfortune to collide with a steam-roller at this spot.

SOUTHAMPTON ROAD.—The re-tarring of the road between Sunningdale station and Bagshot has been the subject of some interesting comments by the Editor of *The Westminster Gazette*.

A Government Washhouse.

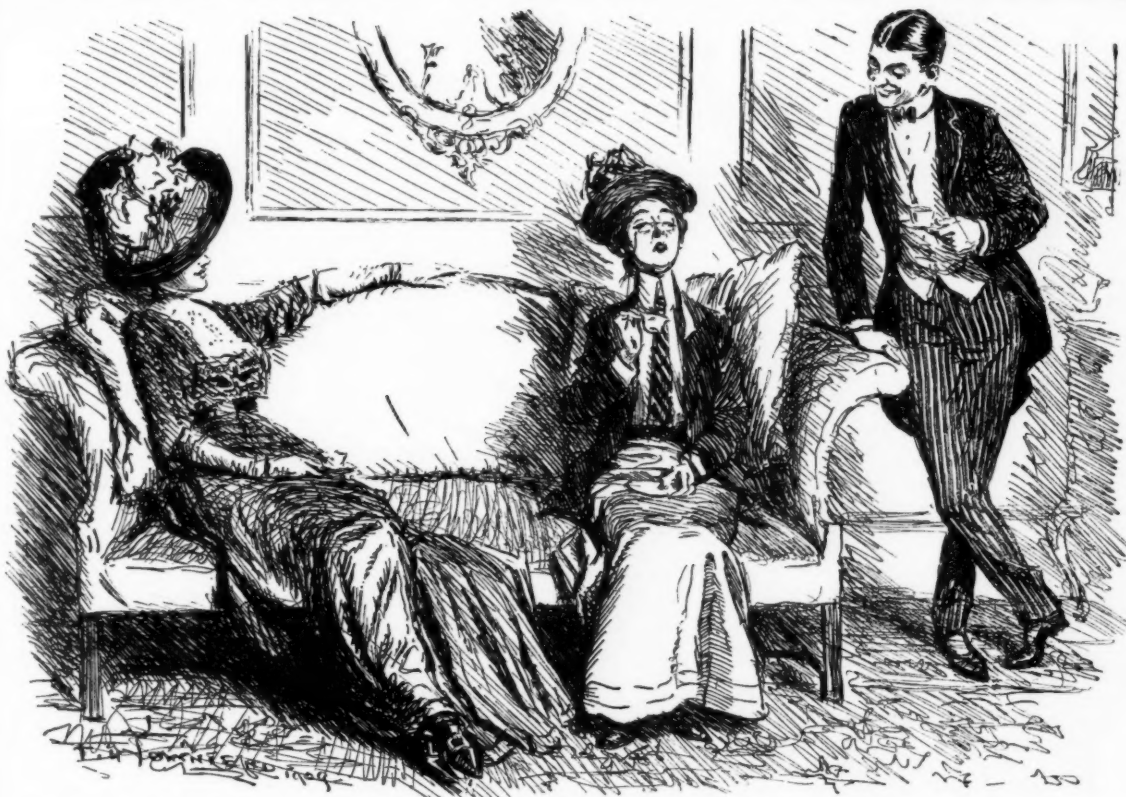
The Upper Burma Gazette announces Mr. CHURCHILL's Labour Exchange Bill, which, it says, "will form a national system of exchanges with a central cleaning (sic) house."

Many a true jest is spoken in earnest.

Budgen's Hard Luck.

"H. Budgen b Hurst b Le Couteur 25. The innings closed for 191, Budgen just failing to reach his century."—*Globe*.

No wonder he could not make those needed 75 runs, with two bowlers at him at once.



Male Tripler. "By the way, speaking of the S.P.C.A., Miss Gibbs, I'm told there's a similar Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Cheese-mites—at least, I saw it suggested in *Punch*."

Superior Female. "Ah! but *Punch* is seldom reliable."

A DAY IN JUNE.

Oh, the sunny month of June,
When our hearts are keeping tune
With the whisper of the breezes and the murmur of the stream,
When the girls are making poses of the pansies and the roses,
And the gardens have the glory and the freshness of a dream.

Oh, the leafy month of June!
It will vanish very soon,
With its hours of light and beauty and its flowers and its
play;
With the joyous trills and gushes of the blackbirds and the
thrushes,
And the laughter of the children as they tumble in the hay.

* * * * *
I had rhymed so far with rapture when the sky grew black
as ink,

And before I had a moment to collect myself and think,

With a flash
And a crash
Came a sound of awe and wonder;
Came a summer-burst of thunder;
And the rain, a rushing river,
Drenched me through and made me shiver;
And I hurried helter-skelter
To the very nearest shelter;
And the song-birds ceased their singing
In the branches bleak and wringing;

And the gardener, crouching closely
In his shed, spoke up morosely.
He and I had one desire—
To get home and light a fire
In the wet and freezing noon
Of a jolly day in June.

Our Maritime Nation.

"The Board of Trade has received, through the Foreign Office, gold watches and chains for Captain George William Muir (Master) and Mr. Jesus de Echevarria (Chief Officer), gold medals for Tomas Dominguez (boatswain), Juan Santos, Manuel Gonzalez, and Secundino Santamaria (quartermasters), and Antonio Vinagre and Vicente Erecacho (seamen), of the British steamship *Mercedes de Larrinaga*, of Liverpool, which have been awarded to them by the President of the United States in recognition of their services in rescuing the shipwrecked crew of the American schooner *Edward J. Berwind*."—*Morning Post*.

There is a true British ring about all this.

The tendency of many released Suffragettes to resort in London to a vegetarian restaurant for breakfast seems to have spread to Liverpool. The local *Echo* tells how a certain "Holloway heroine," on her return to that centre of activity, "was presented with a banquet of flowers."

"At the annual convention of the British Undertakers' Association Mr. Porter, the president, said that good would result in every way if women took more part in business."—*Daily Mail*.

A pretty compliment, which would, however, have come better, perhaps, from the president of some other association.



Boy. "WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS, MOTHER, IF THAT'S WHAT THEY DO AT UMBRIAN SCHOOLS I'M JOLLY GLAD I BELONG TO AN ENGLISH ONE."

OUR NATURALISTS' CORNER.

(With acknowledgments to "The Captain.")

"HOPPY" (Hammersmith).—It is nothing exceptional that your tame beetle should have a sore throat. Administer a teaspoonful of glycerine every half-hour. No, Keating's Cough Lozenges are for humans, not insects; the name is certainly misleading.

"MABEL" (York).—You cannot use your tortoise as a comb while it is alive. But don't kill it for that; wait until it dies.

"TINY" (Tottenham).—Very sorry, dear, to hear that one of your pet elephants has died. No, do not send me the body,

I am busy. If you care to dissect it yourself you will probably find its diaphragm covered with small pink spots about three inches in diameter. If so, you may be certain your pet died of neurasthenia. Be careful of the one elephant you have left. I don't think you ought to keep it in the house, but in order to prevent its catching cold you might let it sleep in the conservatory.

"CHARLIE" (Chelsea).—If your newts' tails keep dropping off, try seccotine—or steel rivets.

"GRACE" (Sheffield).—You may have been deceived about your canary. If you really think it is a sparrow immerse it in a strong, hot solution of soda for

five minutes, and then scrape the plumage with a file. If the paint comes off, it is not a canary.

POET AND PENGUIN.

[One of the photographs of Lieutenant SHACKLETON'S Expedition shows a group of antarctic penguins being entertained with selections from a gramophone].

WHEN the sun has finished setting
And the light begins to wane,
And the fly has ceased coquetting
With his image on the pane;
When the timid battling hovers
Round the lonely country barns,
And the myriad race of lovers
Spin their yarns;—

When the babe is hushed to by-by,
Cradled in her tiny cot,
And the little fairies fly by,
Smiling on the tender tot;—
Then, in short, beneath the crimsoned
Skies of eve, I take my chair,
Gently stretch my weary limbs, and
Sniff the air.

Twilight! bashful hour when Cupid
Makes the lips of those that love
Utter things intensely stupid
(As I've hinted up above);
Twilight hour! when man is smitten
With a liking for his lot,
Hour of which the bard has written
Lots of rot!

Here I weep no tears of sorrow
O'er my oft rejected rhymes;
Here I feel no need to borrow
Money, as I've felt at times;
Here I muse upon the mystic—
Hark! is that the Thing that moans
Nightly *chez* my inartistic
Neighbour Jones?

Woe is me! is this my reverie
Thus to end at his caprice?
Must I bear with him whenever he
Chooses to disturb my peace?
Can I never soothe my forehead,
Never calm my restless brain?
Why must I endure this horrid
Noise again?

True, I've heard that in the freezing
Regions round the Southern Pole
This insufferable wheezing
Sooths the penguin's puny soul;
But a penguin and a poet
"Married to immortal verse"
Differ vastly; and I know it
Makes me curse.

Yes! I have a finer feeling
Than a bird can ever know;
And my higher brain is reeling
With the row, and I must go.
Jones! I'd drown you, were it lawful—
Laugh to hear your bubbling moan—
Lashing round your neck that awful
Gramophone!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 21.

—"Having disposed of the Instructions, I will now leave the Chair."

As he said this, looking round the benches with regard of wholly kind, partly pained sympathy, there was in the SPEAKER'S voice a note of manly pathos that went straight home to the hearts of the audience addressed. Occasion momentous. After days and weeks of talk round the Finance Bill, House now about to get into Committee. Real business beginning. How long it will last who can say? Already on this our opening day over one hundred pages of solidly printed amendments circulated. Every day will bring its sheaves with it. For three days a week through the sad summer time the House, getting into Committee not later than four o'clock in the afternoon, will sit through long evening into the young fresh morning. And the SPEAKER will take no part in the grinding of a mill whose slowness is upon occasion unparalleled among the legislative machinery of the world.

It is not *his* funeral. It may literally prove to be that of the CHAIRMAN OF WAYS AND MEANS and his Deputy. Day after day, when the House resolves itself into Committee of Ways and Means to take in hand the Finance Bill, the SPEAKER will retire to the learned leisure of his library. Some would have gone off jubilant, happy in the good fortune that befell them. Not so Mr. LOWTHER. He stood for a moment gazing upon the throng, then turned, and with audible sigh of sympathy slowly strode forth. Mr. EMMOTT hopped into chair at the Table and forthwith ruled a batch of amendments out of order with decision and energy that did something to relieve a painful situation.

MEYSEY-THOMPSON put first block in wheel of progress. Moved to postpone Clause 1. Proceeding to enlarge on principle of unearned increment, was pulled up by CHAIRMAN.

"The hon. Member must speak to his motion," said Mr. EMMOTT.

"I do not quite understand," said MEYSEY-THOMPSON, naturally amazed at this ruling. "Am I to speak only as to postponement?"

"Most certainly."

"What am I to say then?" he gasped.

Here was chance for kind souls opposite. Full muster of legal talent on Treasury Bench. ATTORNEY-GENERAL, SOLICITOR-GENERAL, LORD ADVOCATE, SOLICITOR-GENERAL FOR SCOTLAND—any one could have told the distraught Member what to say in support of his motion. They sat dumb, unsympathetic.

Then, "Sir, I beg to move," mur-



"THE NIMBLE GALLIARD."

(After the picture by J. Seymour Lucas, R.A.)

["Mr. Lloyd-George has shown much humour and extraordinary intellectual nimb'ness and agility during these discussions (on the Finance Bill)."—Daily Paper.]

mured MEYSEY-THOMPSON, and dropped into his seat.

This the solitary instance during sitting where Member had amendment on paper and no speech in support of it. At midnight two amendments disposed of with assistance of Closure. WILLIE PEEL rose and protested against "the headlong hurry with which we are rushing through this Bill."

Not hitherto suspected of being a humorist, his reputation established at a stroke.

Business done.—First night in Committee on Budget Bill.

Tuesday.—Sultry atmosphere outside. Lowering clouds threaten thunderstorm. With quick sympathy the House discloses similar atmospheric characteristics. Rumbles of thunder, spluttering of rain, sudden flashes of lightning, mark course of proceedings.

Half-an-hour before midnight storm burst in full fury. Opposition elated by result of division on PREYMAN'S amendment exempting agricultural land from increment tax. Irish Nationalists going in body into the Lobby with their hereditary allies, the country gentlemen of England, majority dropped to a trifle over 100. When burst of hilarious cheering from Opposition died away, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER moved Closure on portion of Clause dealing with increment. This meant wiping off the slate two and a half pages of amendments.

Instantly hilarity blazed into fierce resentment. The old familiar cry, "Gag! Gag!"—precursor of many violent scenes—filled the Chamber.

"Put the whole Bill," cried a Unionist, metaphorically emptying his pockets in face of ruthless highwayman.

What would the CHAIRMAN do? Would he grant Closure and so establish momentous precedent in dealing with Bill, or would he withhold assent? Mr. EMMOTT, master of himself though amendments fell, walked on both sides of the highway. Among threatened amendments stood one in name of LAURENCE HARDY dealing with minerals. If that were moved and Committee disposed to discuss it, opportunity should be found. Otherwise CHAIRMAN would forthwith put the Closure.

HARDY, declining the overture, moved to report progress. CHAIRMAN counter-checked by submitting Closure. Uproar rose to stormier heights. Members bobbed up on Opposition benches like corks in a maelstrom. Division bell clanging through all the corridors, anyone desiring to address the Chair must, according to hoary etiquette, do so seated, with his hat on. RUTHERFORD, disregarding the rule and lustily hailing the CHAIRMAN, was pulled back by the coat tails and somebody else's hat jammed on his head. Sudden movement had effect of literally extinguishing him. He sat motionless, dumb, gaping at the Chair.

Louder grew the cry, "Gag! Gag!" Interpolated rose anguished cries for the SPEAKER. He was, so to speak, the straw at which drowning men convulsively clutched. Amid uproar, CHAIRMAN put question of the Closure. Opposition, washing their hands of the whole business, refused to appoint tellers. Motion accordingly carried without division. While House was still cleared for division that never came off PRINCE ARTHUR interposed. Necessary in his case, as in others, that he must keep his seat and put on his hat. Hadn't got a hat. It was reposing in sanctum of his room. Several were proffered. Accepting SON AUSTEN's, he flopped it on his head. At least a size too small, he deftly balanced it whilst he asked the CHAIRMAN to oblige Committee by telling them where they were?

Thus did history repeat itself. Twenty-eight years ago, amid similar scene of uproar, so sat Mr. G., balancing HERSCHELL's hat on bridge of his nose whilst he sub-



THE HARDEST-WORKED MAN IN THE KINGDOM.
"Master of himself though amendments fell."
(Mr. Alfred Emmott, Chairman of Committees.)

mitted point of Order to CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES.

LLOYD-GEORGE came to assistance by moving to report progress. This declared carried, the SPEAKER entered, with provoking air of imperturbability; had effect on heated House of spray of

gentlemen below Gangway opposite and remarked, "I know one case in Warwickshire where father and son have lived on the land for 800 years."

More laughter at the moment; upon reflection there is general disposition to hear further of this remarkable case.

From data supplied, the father must have lived and laboured under Norman dynasty. HENRY THE FIRST was on the throne; Crusades were in full fling. Dividing the time equally between the couple, the son would have been born during the reign of HENRY THE EIGHTH, living during Tudor and Stuart times into and past the Victorian era.

On face of it story seems incredible. With responsibility of a great name and prominent position, WILLIE PEEL not the man lightly to commit himself. When next Monday House resumes Committee on Budget Bill attempt will be made to obtain further, more precise, particulars of a case beside which modern centenarian allegations pale their ineffectual fires.

Business done.—Irish Votes in Committee of Supply.

According to *The Dublin Evening Herald's* account of a cab accident—

"Police Constable — went to the assistance of the occupants, who unfortunately escaped with a severe shaking."

Our sympathies are with the Editor.



AN "OUT-SIZE" IN BREAST-PLATES.

Major Anstruther-Gray (of the Royal Horse Guards Reserve) takes a lively interest in Armourer-Sergeants. Can he be contemplating a new outfit?

FALSTAFF'S OFFENCE.

SIR JOHN, I've never yet attacked
Your taste for taverns and for tippling,
Or rated you because you lacked
The lithe proportions of the stripling;
Your braggadocio irks me not,
I rather like a brawl's excitement—
And yet against you I have got
A strong indictment.

'Tis that you pestered *Mistress Page*
With clumsy and unwelcome wooing,
Until she threatened in her rage
To draft a Bill* for man's undoing;
That threat has filled our days with strife,
Our docks with many a fair defendant,
And each is of that merry wife
A true descendant.

Should *Mistress Page's* Bill go through,
And woman snap her final fetter,
The blame, old *Jack*, will rest with you,
The measure's only true begetter.
Meanwhile, I trust your sprite will
squirm
(I am not troubling where your sprite
is).

For having loosed on us the germ
Of Suffragitis!

* *Mistress Page*. Why, I'll exhibit a Bill
in the Parliament for the putting down of
man.—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II., Sc. 2.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

ON the eve of the third Test Match we feel bound to give publicity to the following illuminating advice and suggestions that have reached us with regard to England's representatives.

"PAX" writes to say: "Would it not be a good idea if separate private pavilions were erected for all amateurs consenting to play for the Old Country, and if a rule were to be passed that all communications between these gentlemen on the field of play should be made through the umpires?"

[Poor "PAX" has been swallowing some silly rumour.—ED.]

"CONEY," writing from an address in the Midlands, suggests that in order to make the Australians look a little more like rabbits than they did at Lord's, England's fast bowlers in the forthcoming Tests should be BURROWS of Worcestershire and WARREN of Derbyshire.

An anonymous writer suggests that, to ensure a sticky wicket at Leeds, GEORGE HIRST might be requested to furnish the groundsmen with a gratis supply of his health toffee.

"MATHEMATICUS" writes to ask whether Triangular Tests will be possible on the Oval.

In pursuance of the theory that our determination and desperate doggedness are what do it, "Devonian" has selected



THE PITY OF IT.

Little Girl (in agonised tone). "Oh, MUMMY, WHY DIDN'T I HAVE CHERRIES AND CREAM?"

an eleven (which we have not the space to print here) entirely beginning with capital D's.

Later. A report reaches us that if the worst comes to the worst Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON has promised to don an M.C.C. cap and a false black beard and lead the field against the Australians.

DRUGS FOR VEG.

THE success of the fruit grower who has brought on his strawberries ten days earlier by giving them ether has set the gardeners of England busily engaged in experimenting with drugs for fruit and vegetables.

Green peas, in order that they may be green, are now being freely drenched with a solution of arsenic, and the tonic blood-making properties of the beetroot are vastly increased by an injection of iron into its veins. The eyes of potatoes can be made, it has been observed, vastly more attractive by a few drops of bella-

onna; while the sensitiveness of the sensitive plant is dulled by judicious doses of cocaine or morphia.

Pears, as our fruitarian readers need not be reminded, are peculiarly liable to the sleeping sickness, but it has now been discovered that if hot coffee is supplied to the fruit during its growing stage, complete immunity from this complaint is secured.

But perhaps the greatest triumph of all is the "New Way of Life for Onions," as devised and carried out by the famous Russian scientist, Professor Vejnikoff. The onion, though one of the noblest of vegetables, has unfortunately long been regarded as suspect in the best circles owing to its peculiar aroma. The Professor, however, by spraying it with a solution of eau-de-Cologne, patchouli and opoponax, has succeeded in completely deodorising this entrancing vegetable, which can now be eaten with impunity by the most fastidious members of the plutocracy.



Housemaid. "PLEASE, SIR, WILL YOU COME AT ONCE, THE DRESSING-ROOM 'S ON FIRE."

Master. "WELL, GO AND TELL YOUR MISTRESS; YOU KNOW I NEVER INTERFERE IN HOUSEHOLD MATTERS."

IN THE AIR.

THE offer to the nation of an air-ship, to be paid for by the readers of *The Morning Post*, and a garage by *The Daily Mail*, has naturally spurred other papers (never contemptuous of hints) to acts of similar patriotic generosity.

The Daily Telegraph has placed at the disposal of the Government a colossal balloon in the shape of Mr. HALDANE for any purposes that may be required, the only condition of acceptance being that the name of the journal shall be prominently emblazoned upon it.

The Daily Express offers to start a Fresh Air Fund to supply the vapour with which the airships are filled.

The Daily News does not see its way to support the War Office in any way, but rather than do nothing it offers to subsidise Mr. CHESTERTON sufficiently handsomely to make it worth his while to engage any or all of England's enemies in argument on any subject whatever immediately they land, and to do it so successfully as to blow them into thin air.

The Pall Mall Gazette solicits sub-

scriptions for the purchase of a Bellair-ship to present to the Board of Admiralty.

The Spectator will gladly provide the country with a sufficient number of trained pigeons (each one the hero of a touching anecdote illustrating the intelligence of birds) to act as news-carriers in time of war.

The Guardian volunteers to provide a dovecote to harbour *The Spectator's* war pigeons during their periods of pacific inactivity.

The Globe offers no airship proper, but promises that when that portion of the millennium arrives which provides for the flying of pigs it will present the Admiralty with rashers of aerial Bacon.

The current issue of *The British Weekly* contains a brilliant article from the pen of "CLAUDIUS CLEAR," appealing in clarion tones to the supporters of that renowned periodical to come to the rescue of their distressed Fatherland. He confidently demands from them the sum of £50,000, with which to purchase and place at the disposal of the nation a Nicoll-plated airship, to be called *The Kailyard*, as well as a Kentish Fire

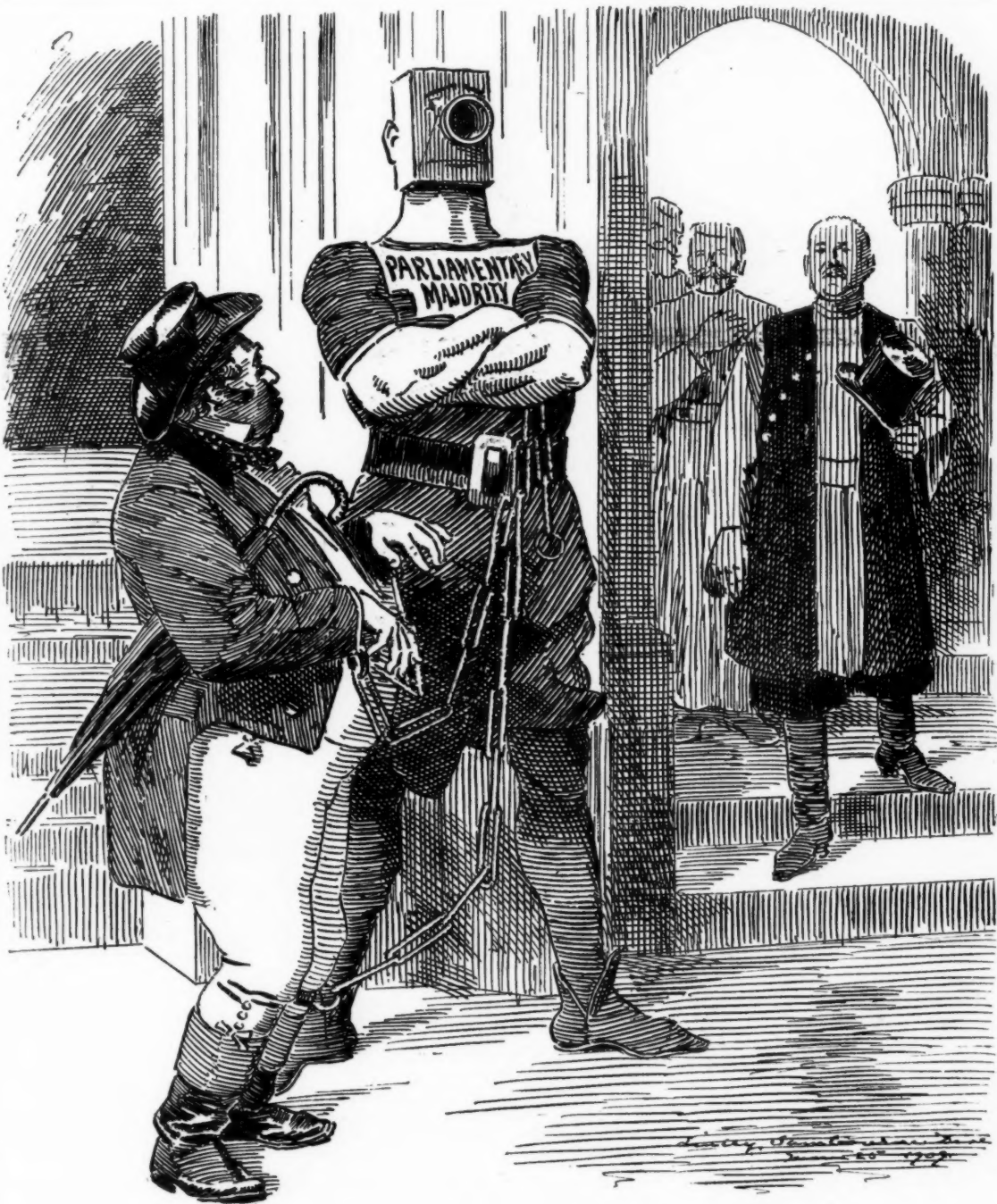
balloon, with a crew exclusively composed of Men of Kent.

The enterprise of *The Sphere* takes the form of a passionate appeal from Mr. SHORTER to his readers to provide funds enabling him to present the nation with an accordion-pleated *Jane-Eyre*-ship, and a parachute for making descents from *Wuthering Heights*.

Charity under Arms.

Mr. *Punch* has pleasure in quoting the following extract from a rival publication, entitled, "Field Service Regulations," and issued by the War Office: "A Contribution is a forcible collection in money or in kind . . . and is generally inflicted as a punitive measure, and as a matter of policy."

A Yorkshire contemporary relates how "a street organ, manipulated by three men who professed to be unemployed, was suddenly pounced upon by the police and charged with stealing eggs." This instrument must be one of the many Radical organs which support the great robber of hen-roosts.

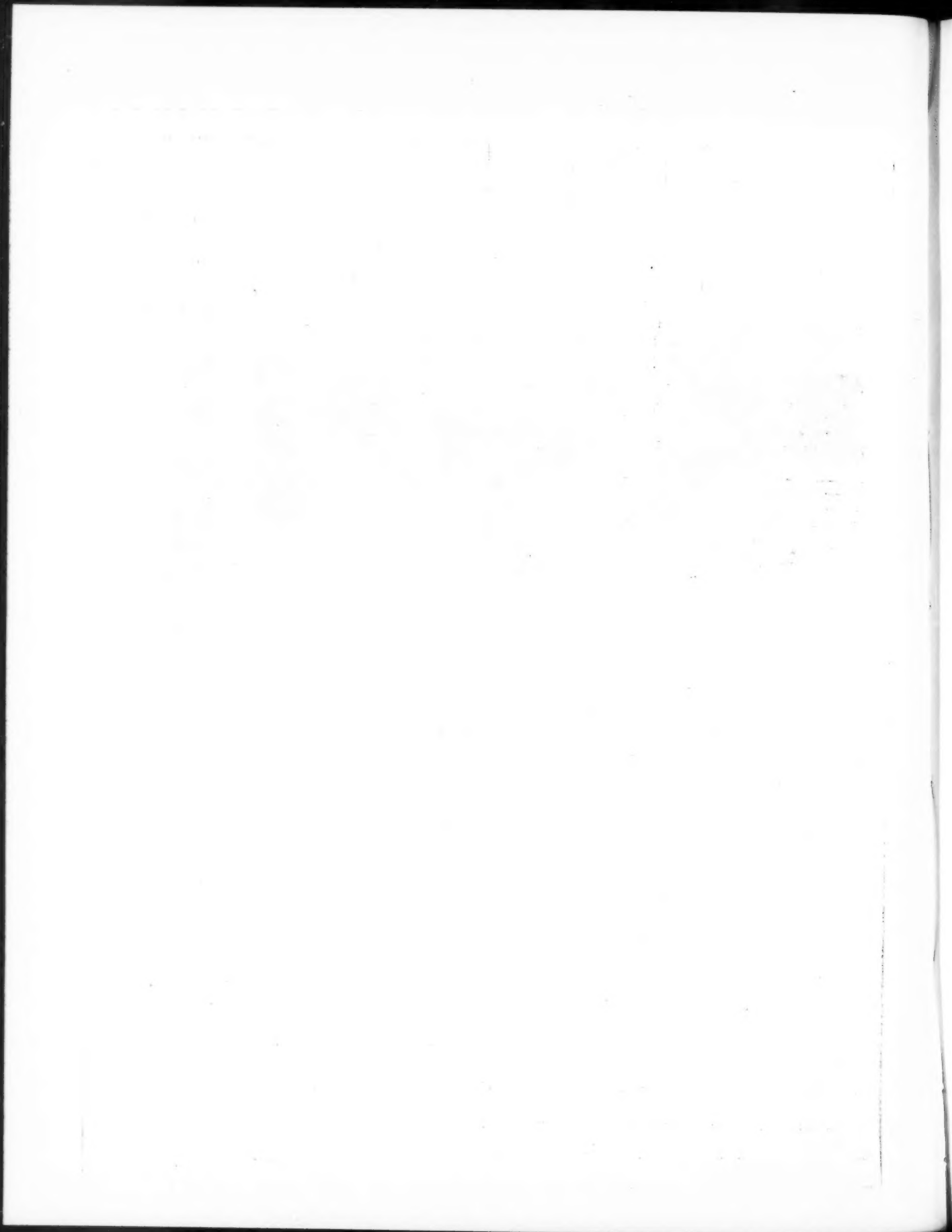


CONSTITUTIONAL DESPOTISM.

THE DESPOT (to JOHN BULL). "HERE'S A VISITOR COME TO SEE YOU. WON'T YOU SAY A FEW WELL-CHOSEN WORDS OF GREETING?"

JOHN BULL (to the PRESIDENT OF THE RUSSIAN DUMA). "WELCOME, SIR, TO THE ANCIENT HOME OF LIBERTY!"

[“Lord Rosebery's diagnosis . . . is perfectly correct. . . . We are relapsing into the condition from which the Duma is trying to extricate Russia.”—*The Times*.
Representatives of the Duma are now on a visit to England.]





HINTS TO YOUNG ANGLERS.—No. 4.

IF, WHEN ONLY PROVIDED WITH A LICENSE TO FISH FOR TROUT, YOU SHOULD CHANCE TO CATCH A SALMON, BE SURE THAT YOUR COAT IS LONG ENOUGH BEFORE YOU DECIDE TO TAKE YOUR FISH HOME.

THE MUTINY YEAR.

In the lumber-room I rummaged for some papers out of place,
When I came—among the cobwebs—on a small morocco case,
Raised the lid and saw a medal, on its upturned side a date,
"1857" graven on the tarnished laurelled plate.

'Twas enough; and ere I turned it in its faded velvet bed
Quite a host of recollections ran in riot through my head;

And from out the musty boxes, loved of spider and of mouse,
Came a half-forgotten story of an owner of the house.

Thus: A dusty roadway rises and an Indian sun beats down
Where an English scouting party gallop in from Delhi Town.

On their flank the rebel rifles rattle out in sudden storms,
One full mile in front is shelter, where a sweating battery
forms.

On they come in open order, through the danger zone they
sweep,

Save the last, whose wounded charger pecks, and pitches in
a heap,

Struggles, shivers and lies quiet, while the trooper makes a
run,

Tries to join his comrades halting under cover of the gun,

Where they breathe their sobbing horses, and the boy who's
in command

Knocks the dust from off his tunic, numbers off his tattered
band,

Throws a glance along the roadway where the bullets flick
and bound,

Sees the distant, limping figure, swings his reeking Arab
round,

Swears, and, sitting down to gallop, sends him racing back
again,

Gets the trooper up in safety, spite the raking leaden rain,

And again defies the gauntlet of the glaring shot-swept road,
Till the Arab rocks and staggers into cover with his load!

This the story I remembered of those days by Delhi's gate,
As I read the magic figures of the medal's famous date.

Then it seemed to my romantic and unmilitary mind
That some record of his riding might be found engraved
behind.

So I turned it, and discovered that, some fifty years ago,
His Aunt Jane had secured with butter at the local county show.

"Mr. Ditchfield, playing at Knebworth, struck a lark with his drive
from the tenth tee. This splendid sporting course promises," &c., &c.
—*Daily Mirror*.

This kind of sport might satisfy some of our Continental
friends, but what we want to know is—how is the green-
keeper doing with his pheasants' eggs?

From a report in *The Irish Times* of the race for the Little
Brederes' Plate (five furlongs) at the Cork Park Meeting:—
"Won in a canter by two and a-half miles; one and a-half miles
separated second and third."

We think the misprinter made an error of judgment in
repeating his joke so soon.

News from the Concert Room.

"Mr. — sang with great feeling, 'Relieve me of all those endearing
young charms.'" — *Local Paper*.

"Song: 'When Celia sings' . . . Mr. P. J. Dams." — *Cambridge Chronicle*.
But what does Celia do when Mr. P. J. sings?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ONE can guess what started Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD on the scheme of her *Daphne*, or "*Marriage à la Mode*" (CASSELL). One pictures the author on her visit to the States, and a New Englander saying to her, "Our divorce laws are a scandal to civilisation; why don't you, dear Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, with your powerful pen, write a novel exposing these iniquities?" On the other hand, she may have undertaken the voyage with this set object before her. Anyhow, it is a pity that, even from so heterogeneous a race, Mrs. WARD should not have selected for her excellent purposes a purer type than this daughter of an Irishman and a Spanish South American woman. A pity too that she complicates her case by marrying *Daphne* not to another American but to the native of a country (England) whose divorce courts take no cognisance of the vagaries of Nebraska jurisdiction. But Mrs. WARD's strength lies in the portrayal of the things which her eyes have seen most closely; and she naturally preferred familiar English backgrounds for the main development of her social drama. Even so, she is hampered by the exigencies of her moral purpose; the plot, never her strongest point, is at times perfunctory, and the rather crude devices by which *Daphne* is allowed to secure evidence to support her case for divorce seem, if I dare hint it, to savour a little of Palais Royal farce.

I notice that the publishers' announcement states that "the whole story leads up to the scene in the last chapter between the divorced husband and wife, and by it Mrs. WARD is content that her book should be judged." And well she may be, for it is certainly a very strong and moving chapter, and we are most of us content to be judged by our best. But the critic is less easily satisfied; and it must be confessed that, though the book opens well and ends very well, and throughout offers many proofs that the old craftsmanship has not been forgotten, Mrs. WARD has done better work.

I must end with a sincere compliment to the tact she has shown in handling a difficult subject without offence to the feelings of the nation whose laws (and some of their manners) she assails. Americans are notoriously sensitive of criticism; but the best of them are bound to welcome this attack upon a condition of things from which they are the chief sufferers. A postscript of praise is due to Mr. PEGRAM's delicate illustrations in colour.

Sixpenny Pieces (JOHN LANE) takes its name from the practice of that most amiable physician, Dr. Brink, of Bovingdon Street, who prescribed for the dwellers in his neighbourhood on what is called the spot-cash system at sixpence a consultation. Fortunately the patients were unaware that Mr. A. NEIL LYONS was watching them all the time through the little window above the gas-stove in the kitchen; and those who remember *Arthur's*, by the same writer, will not need to be told what excellent use he makes of his opportunities. The result is a book of which every

page is a delight, written with humour and sympathy, and a gentle satire none the less biting for its restraint. Especially does the figure of practical Dr. Brink himself dwell in the memory, with his kindness, his steady disclaimers of philanthropy, and above all his very human enjoyment of the good Burgundy that his work enables him to afford. Perhaps the chief charm of the book is its entire avoidance of sentimentality. The tragi-comedies of Bovingdon Street call forth their own tears and laughter without any apparent manipulation by the author. In short, Mr. LYONS' *Sixpenny Pieces* have the ring of true metal, and I for one shall eagerly anticipate another issue from the same excellent mint.

Jack Gell, the victim of *A Comedy of Ambition* (MELROSE), is a new variety of the Stickit Minister. He had plenty to say for himself in the pulpit, but his flow of oratory was checked by a course of Higher Criticism made in Germany,

so he threw up his Orders to plunge into a politico-journalistic life in London (where all good Scotsmen come at last). And of course, being a Scotsman, he was a triumphant success, and his career as paragraph writer and secretary to a Member of Parliament makes very good reading, though I hope that the tactics of party newspapers are not quite so black as Mr. A. GOWANS WHITE paints them. All the same, it is not his politics but his love affairs, and his relations with the three women who influenced him most, that make one really like the book. There are certain passages in his friendship with one of these ladies through which I wish Mr. WHITE had drawn his pen. But the story of his unconsciously-growing love for the woman whom he eventually marries is idyllic in its earlier moments, and marked in its climax by all the ruggedness proper to the course of true love. The impediment to their happiness was a dark chapter in her previous life, which made her, as she thought, not good enough for him. However, a still darker chapter in his mother's life, which he chanced to discover, put

the lovers more nearly on a level. And so two blacks made a white, and Mr. WHITE made a good ending to a good book.

In *An Honest Man* (METHUEN) the reader may study the curious operation of a stone trying to draw blood from itself and, supposing stones to have families, from its wife and children. Honest *Milsum's* dishonest partner defaults with most of the firm's assets, but the firm's creditors, disregarding the etiquette of fiction, temper justice with mercy and are not the less true to life for that. They allow the firm's debts to stand over indefinitely; but *Milsum's* pride is not to be so easily put off. It drives him to play the martyr to the gallery and the brute to his family, even to abuse his sweet wife to his miserable ledger-clerk and to do other detestable things, the pecuniary advantage of which is sometimes obscure. There is, indeed, a striking and possibly a sound idea at the back of the author's mind, that a man's sense of honour is often a nuisance and occasionally a positive curse; but the next time Mr. R. H. BRETHERTON has a striking idea, he should invite some expert novelist to teach him the art, or undertake for him the business, of its proper exposition.



ENTERPRISE.



"**M**EN OF PUDVILE!" concluded the Orator, "the eyes of England are upon you! Vote for Spinks and Free Trade! Vote for Spinks and the sacred principle of One Man, One Vote! Vote for Spinks and the triumph of a Socialist Budget!"

As he descended from his *al fresco* hustings, the Orator was approached by a gentleman of philosophic aspect. "Pardon me, Sir," said the Thinker, raising his hat, "but I have had the ill-luck to miss all but your excellent peroration; and I should take it as a peculiar favour if you would kindly define for me the exact meaning of a 'Socialist Budget.' Is it one, as the term would seem to imply, in which all men are equal in the eyes of its framer?"

"By a Socialist Budget," replied the Socialist Orator (it was his proud boast that he had never said "Sir," or raised his hat, to any man), "I mean one by which the bloated Capitalist is compelled to pay for the down-trodden Masses from whose sweated labour he has piled up his iniquitous accumulations of filthy and unearned lucre."

"Yet I take it," said the Thinker, "that you have sufficient self-respect to desire to contribute your fair proportion toward the maintenance of the Empire?"

"I get all the self-respect I need," replied the Orator, "from the fact that I belong to the ranks of Labour. My contribution to what you call 'the maintenance of the Empire' is moral rather than pecuniary. I earn a starvation pittance of £150 a year as a Labouring Man, and therefore pay no income-tax. I am a lodger. I allow myself no luxuries, being a non-smoker and a total abstainer from intoxicating beverages. My doctor forbids me tea and sugar. As I suffer from gout—'poor man's gout,' need I say?—I drink imported mineral waters, and these are not taxed by a Free Trade Government."

"And I may assume that you subscribe to the gospel of Free Food?"

"Would you tax the poor man's bread, his staff of life?" protested the Orator.

"It seems the only way of getting at some of you. Unless the necessities of life are taxed, how can men like you be expected to have a proper sense of the responsibilities of citizenship?"

"We get that by exercising our right to vote."

"To be sure. Which reminds me that I just now passed a sandwichman carrying the legend, 'NO TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION'; and since we began our conversation I am more than ever impressed with the belief that there is quite

as much to be said for the converse doctrine--No REPRESENTATION WITHOUT TAXATION. Yours, of course, is an exceptional case. You are peculiarly abstemious. But even the average labourer who has a vote does not pay anything like his share of the State's expenses. How do you reconcile this condition of things with your principle of 'One Man, One Vote'?"

"All men are equal in the sight of Heaven," replied the Orator.

"But not in the sight of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE. Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE wants us to believe that the Landowner and the Publican and the Millionaire (especially the dead Millionaire) are much bigger and better fellows than the rest, and that he ought to do them the honour of making them pay the lion's share of the cost of Empire. Very good, I say, if only he gives them a proportionate voice in the disposal of their contributions. Your doctrine of 'ONE MAN, ONE VOTE' is directed against the pluralists, men who just happen to have voting qualifications in more than one constituency. But I would carry the system of pluralism much further. I would say, 'No TAXATION WITHOUT CORRESPONDING REPRESENTATION.' If I subscribe ten times as much in taxes as my neighbour, and if these taxes are honestly imposed, it must mean that I have ten times as much interest as he in the disposal of the State's revenue; therefore I ought to have ten votes to his one. Who pays the piper most has the right of calling the greatest number of tunes."

A spasm of indignation played across the face of the Orator. "You would be throwing the power of Parliament," he said, "into the hands of the Capitalists, and they would bring in Budgets which would lay the burden of taxation on the Labouring Classes."

"And an excellent thing for you," replied the Thinker. "You would then get a corresponding increase of votes, and be able to turn the Capitalists out at the next election and produce the kind of Budgets you like best. The pendulum would swing for a little, but would soon reach a state of millennial repose."

"I don't like your millennium," said the Orator, "and I disagree with you in every particular."

"Then," said the Thinker, "let us put the case to arbitration. Yonder I observe, alighting from his car, a gentleman of a wise and judicial countenance. Let us appeal to him."

* * * * *

Scarcely had the benign old Sage caught the gist of their argument when he politely interposed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am no party politician. I have a habit of smiling at various forms of folly, but I make it a principle not to attempt to assign to them any order of merit, saying, 'This is foolish, but that is more foolish still.' On the contrary, I have with me a soothing compound for the composure of all differences. Permit me to hand you a couple."

And with that, and a courtly bow, Mr. Punch (for it was he) bestowed on each a sample of his

One Hundred and Thirty-Sixth Volume.





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